WITH "GANELON" AND GRUNDY.

Concerning the Production of William Young's New Play at the Broadway Theatre.

AN ARTIFICIAL TRAGEDY.

Scenes and Suggestions from a Sparkling London Comedy of Theatrical Manners.

"THE SILVER SHIELD."

Rosina Vokes at the Madison Square—Actress and Manager—Dodson Dick's Notions—A Ducal Failure—"Diana de Solange" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Two plays, which had not been done in New York before, were produced here last week.

One—"The Silver Shield"—was a bright and light little comedy; the other—"Ganelon"—was a pretentious tragedy.

The flimsier play was not the less serious; the heavier work was not the more important of the two.

In the frivol and fun of "The Silver Shield" we found more truth, more human nature, than in the posturings and platitudes of "Ganelon." The first was a mild satire on life as it is. The last was a presentment of life as it has never been. In one, beneath the merry quips and quirks, lay something real and solid, something we recognized.

The sounding phrases, the rant, the gauds and trappings of the other hid—what? Some wind and much sawdust.

Mr. Young, who wrote "Ganelon," was born too late. He belongs to a time long past and gone.

His attempt to revive the tragedy of artifice is Quixotic and I think, nay, I trust, it is hopeless.

It is not to tragedy in itself we object. Life is full of tragedies and they may be proper subjects for the stage. The objection is to the hollow form of this particular tragedy; to its dullness, its falseness, its pomposity.

The characters which strut and fret through the four acts of "Ganelon" remind one of the prints we used to paint when we were children. The scenes—the tents and castles—we see in the play, are the old backgrounds to those well known cuts of T. P. Cooke, as the Corsair and Charles Kean, "in his great part of the Moor of Venice."

My favorite subjects were Richard and Saladin. I see them still—the Christian clad in heavy armor and bestriding a white war horse, the Saracen attired in a light coat of mail and mounted on a coal black charger.

There are no chargers in "Ganelon," perhaps because Mr. Barrett is not an equestrian. But the armor is there, and the backgrounds are the familiar backgrounds we have painted.

The whole production is strangely and distractingly conventional.

Ganelon compares but poorly with the Corsair and Richard. He has neither the romantic, whole souled, splendid, badness of the one nor the heroism of the other. He is a half hearted creature, torn by conflicting impulses. The good and evil in him clash. He is both brave and base. In short, we cannot quite tell what to make of him, he is so complex. And to be complex in a tragedy like this is to lose all our sympathies.

The son of a traitor, that Ganelon who undid Roland, he has been scorned and feared. Bad blood flows in his veins, yet he has noble aims. He lives in the hope of redeeming his dead father's shame and winning the hand of Bianca.

Bianca, the daughter of Count Ugo Colonna, returns his love. But she has been promised in marriage to the recreant Pinascho, and when Ganelon, after defeating the Saracens, who have invaded the Count's possessions in Corsica, returns in triumph and claims his love as his guerdon, he is met by a denial, insulted and threatened. So, after beating back a troop of assailants, he shrieks his despair and leaps from the battlements of the Colonna castle.

Fleeing for his life, he is made captive by the Saracens and led to the tent of his arch enemy, Malec. The infidel treats him more courteously than the Christians. But Ganelon at first repels his offers of friendship, and only after being goaded to frenzy by the promise of revenge consents to repeat his dead father's treachery.

In the last act, at the head of his late foes, he storms the castle, defeats the Christians and meets Bianca. The prize for which he has been false seems in his grasp, but his sin brings its own chas-

ROSINA VOKES AS ALMA BLAKE—"THE SILVER SHIELD."

tisement and the woman he loves repels him with horror and contumely.

A bolder hero (like my "Corsair," for instance) would have settled things by stabbing the Count and eloping with Bianca. Ganelon has not nerve enough for this. His conscience troubles him. He has betrayed the Christians and he thinks he can make things right by betraying the Saracens. Malec, who has stood by him so stanchly, is promptly murdered, Ganelon turns on his allies and once more the Cross upsets the Crescent.

In the struggle, however, our "hero" comes to grief. He is slain in the moment of his triumph.

Mr. Young has told his story in Shakesperian verse, of which the actors in the play make dreadful havoc.

The only members of the company who do not butcher their lines are Mr. Barrett, the Ganelon, and Mr. Lane, the Malec. Mr. Lane is a fine, ripe, able actor, who plays his thankless part with much sobriety and strength. His declamation never lapses into rant, as Mr. Barrett's does too often, and his gesture is both telling and appropriate.

His simple and vigorous impersonation stands out in refreshing contrast to the grotesque Musetto, the flabby Colonna, the stagey Pinascho, the feeble Savelli, the hysterical Bianca and—why should we not be frank?—the painfully conventional Ganelon.

I admire the pluck and enterprise which prompted Mr. Barrett to produce "Ganelon." I can admire neither his too careful elocution nor his labored acting.

Mr. Barrett has done much for the stage and I trust he may be spared to do much more, but his art at no time seems to be warmed by feeling and his creations smack too strongly of the study.

Not for one moment in "Ganelon" did he move us or cheat us into the illusion that he was living his part as well as acting it.

"The Silver Shield," the play by Sydney Grundy, in which Rosina Vokes and her company made such a hit at the Madison Square Theatre last Tuesday, proved a glad relief from "Ganelon."

Its merit may not be of the highest order, but it is real and undeniable.

Peg Woffington, in all her disguises, remains a delightful stage heroine. In "The Silver Shield" she is called Alma Blake, but she is the same Peg Woffington.

Mr. Grundy appears to have had two objects in writing his charming little play—a sentimental and a satirical object. In the stories of his Alma and his Lucy and their husbands he has retaught the old lesson that "perfect love casteth out fear"—that trust should go hand in hand with fondness. For failing to remember these well worn truths his wives and husbands suffer. They part and are estranged, and in the last act come together again, wiser for their experience, but not, we may hope, much sadder.

The play owes the best part of its success, however, to its humor. It is an amusing comment on the life of the stage—on the foibles of authors, actresses and managers. And the humor is rarely vulgar.

In the first act Dodson Dick, a Cockney manager, runs down to Sir Humphrey Chetwynd's country house to see Alma Blake, his leading lady.

"Perhaps he'll stay to dinner if I ask him?" remarks Sir Humphrey to Alma, who is paying a visit to his ward, Lucy Preston.

"You don't know Dick," replies Alma. "He'll probably stay to dinner whether you ask him or not. He's one of the old school of managers. They're nearly extinct now."

Dick enters. He is received by Sir Humphrey and his son, Ned Chetwynd, with whom Alma has been chatting.

DICK (to Alma).

Didn't expect to see me, did you? Here's a nice how d'ye do! Within four weeks of opening—and Sparkle's not delivered his first act. Thought I'd run down and tell you. What are we to do?

ALMA.

This is Sir Humphrey Chetwynd, Mr. Dick. (Alma and

"GANELON."

Ned move chairs toward an easel which stands at the back of the stage in an open doorway.)

DICK.

Pleased to make your acquaintance. Nice sort of place you have down here.

SIR HUMPHREY.

Quiet, Mr. Dick, and yet accessible.

DICK.

Out of the way, I call it—out of my way, at any rate. Make a good set, eh, wouldn't it? That window's fine—opens out the scene and shows that landscape backing. Daren't use that sky, though. Scrubbs is the man for skies.

SIR HUMPHREY.

Is he, indeed?

DICK.

There's an originality about his skies. You never saw such skies. The critics go in for originality. Scrubbs gives it 'em.

ALMA.

And don't they give it to Scrubbs!

DICK.

Ha! ha! I'll make a note of that. Give it to Sparkle. Do for his next comedy. Poor Sparkle! Clever man, but sadly overworked. No wonder he's behindhand with our piece.

ALMA.

It's your own fault. Give some one else a chance.

DICK.

No, no. Sparkle's recognized.

NED.

His jokes are.

DICK.

That doesn't matter. It's his name I want. The public judges only by the brand. One play's just as good as another.

SIR HUMPHREY.

That's your experience?

DICK.

Yes. On the whole I think a bad play's better than a good one. But we none of us know anything about it.

ALMA (hinting at Ned).

If you would only try him, here is an author to your hand.

DICK (alarmed).

You an author!

NED.

Only last week I wrote to you about a play I'd sent you.

DICK (pulling out his watch).

How are your trains, Sir Humphrey? I've an appointment at four sharp in town.

SIR HUMPHREY.

I see you are a man of business.

DICK.

Yes. I'm a cheesemonger.

SIR HUMPHREY.

A cheesemonger! I thought you were a theatrical manager.

DICK.

Same thing. A theatre's only a shop, and ought to be worked on the same principles.

NED.

Or want of principles!

DICK.

Same thing. If my customers want a bad article I give it 'em It's not my fault—it's theirs.

There were several managers in the audience while Mr. Dick fired off his theories on Tuesday, but none of them winced.

You see Mr. Dick is "one of the old school of managers."

They're extinct now.

Mr. Stanton made the first mistake of his season at the Metropolitan when he put "Diana of Solange" in rehearsal. He made the second when he produced the Saxe-Coburg-Gothic effusion on Friday. And he will make a third if he allows another performance of Duke Ernest's opera.

The director of the Opera House has hosts of friends and well wishers.

By his tact and good sense he has surmounted difficulties which might have baffled more expert but less able managers. He has freed us from the Wagnerian incubus. He has worked hard and well to make the Opera House not only metropolitan but cosmopolitan.

But the fact remains that he blundered in producing a work so absolutely void of merit as this most dismal and distressful of "Dianas."

After Friday's performance he can have no doubt as to the value of Duke Ernest's opera. He must see that it is worthless.

The sooner he suppresses "Diana" the better it will be for the Opera House, for the public and for his managerial credit.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

PEOPLE OF THE STAGE AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING ON AND OFF THE BOARDS.

Mr. Richard Mansfield hopes in time to be permanently located in this city. He says he dislikes travelling, and that sooner or later he will refuse to make any more long journeys. His stay at the Garden Theatre is to last three weeks longer.

"Tally-ho," a play by Mr. Joaquin Miller, will be sent on the road next season by Mr. Robert L. Downing.

When Mrs. Leslie Carter makes her appearance in Chicago, her former home, she will be seen in "Frou-Frou."

It is said that the Jefferson-Florence tour is proving so profitable that the combination will undoubtedly be continued next season.

"Mankind," an English melodrama calling for several very realistic effects, will be presented at the People's Theatre to-morrow night.

The troupe of Japanese jugglers at the Eden Musée are likely to make their stay a very long one. Otero is still the principal attraction at the Musée.

Mr. Charles Coghlan's new play, "Lady Barter," which his sister, Miss Rose Coghlan, produced a few days ago in Canada, will probably be presented in this city next month.

The tours of the several "Clemenceau Case" companies, which went out a few weeks ago, have not been flattering successes. Two of the companies have already closed on account of bad business.

The new comedy in which Messrs. Taylor and Williams are to star Miss Minnie Palmer is called "A Mile a Minute." It is said to be by an American author, and will be produced on the 26th inst.

The Kalamazoo electric tatooed man will be one of the many freaks in the curio halls at Worth's Museum this week. On the stage a company, including Larry Tooley, Miss Jessie Smith and W. L. Marsh, will give the entertainments.

"Nero" has been resuscitated and is now on the road. The spectacle was produced in Washington last week, with Mr. Wilton Lackaye as the Emperor. Mr. Max Freeman, who staged the play, is now playing one of the principal parts in it.

Three grizzly bears, who wrestle with their trainers, the Venetian troubadours and the turtle boy will be among the curiosities at Doris' Eighth Avenue Museum this week. At the Harlem Museum Succi, the faster, will be the principal attraction.

"The Little Countess," which was written for little Ray Maskell, will be presented at Poughkeepsie on Wednesday. In the cast will be Mr. Harry Bell, Mr. Henry C. Walton, Mr. Harry Standish, Miss Dean, Mrs. Emelie Rickaby and Miss Rose Griste.

"The Senator" reached its 250th performance at the Star Theatre last evening, and on Tuesday the first anniversary of its production in this city will occur. The play has three more weeks to remain in this city, and will give way to "Mr. Potter of Texas."

The "Five A.'s" will give an entertainment at the Broadway Theatre a week from to-night. The programme has not yet been arranged, but promises are made that it will be a good one. A number of well known professionals are to act as ushers at the entertainment.

"Later On" replaces "Ship Ahoy" at the Standard Theatre to-morrow night. The farce will remain at the house two weeks. The company includes Hallen and Hart, the comedians; Miss Annie Lewis and Miss Mollie Fuller. The musical numbers are said to be all new.

"After Dark," one of the late Dion Boucicault's melodramas, will be presented by Mr. William A. Brady's company at the Columbus Theatre to-morrow night. The drama contains a tank, an underground railway and a concert hall scene, in which a number of specialists appear.

The 100th performance of "Men and Women" at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre will be given to-morrow night. The souvenir for the occasion is a glass transparency, on which is photographed one of the scenes in the play. The picture is enclosed in a neat frame, and is meant to hang in a window. Manager Frohman intends giving a matinée of the play next month, at which none but clergymen will be admitted.

Everything possible is being done to get Miss Fanny Davenport's new production of "Cleopatra" ready in time to present it at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, on the 26th inst. Seven artists are at work on the scenery, and a large number of women are busy night and day on the costumes.

Mr. Charles Jefferson and Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger are said to have offered Mr. Neil Burgess $50,000 for his share of the royalties for the remainder of the season on the two "County Fair" companies now on the road. These companies are said to be playing to an average business of $8,000 a week apiece.

The attraction at the Grand Opera House this week will be Mr. Steele Mackaye's melodrama, "Money Mad." The play will be given with its original properties, which includes the big drawbridge. Mrs. Margaret Bradford, Mr. J. F. Brien, Mr. Stephen Grattan and Mr. B. R. Graham are the principal members of the company.

Messrs. Barry and Fay will present "McKenna's Flirtation" to the patrons of the Windsor Theatre this week. Since the play was last seen in this city several new features have been added to it. The company include Miss Florence Ashbrook, Mr. Frank Keenan, Mr. Charles Sturges and Miss Dudie Douglass. "The Fairy's Well" will follow next week.

"Mike" Sweeney, the gasman of the Union Square Theatre, who has been ill for some time, will be given a benefit at that house this evening. Among those who have promised to appear are Hallen and Hart, Mr. Harry Pepper, Miss Lottie Gilson, Miss Marietta Nash, Miss Addie Cora Reed, Miss Lizzie Derion Daly, Mr. John McWade and Mr. Mark Murphy.

"Ganelon" will be continued by Mr. Barrett at the Broadway Theatre all this week, with the exception of the Saturday matinee, when "Romeo and Juliet" will be given. Mr. Barrett will be the Romeo and Miss Gale the Juliet, a part in which she has not been seen in this city. It is quite likely that next week Mr. Barrett will revive "Francesca da Rimini."

Carmencita's first year at Koster & Bial's is almost concluded, and so successful has the graceful Spanish dancer been that it is likely she will remain at this house another twelve months. The specialty company this week is a new one and includes Miss Minnie Cunningham, Mlle. Alberta, the Weston Brothers, Paul Schlicter and a troupe of Japanese jugglers.

H. R. Jacobs' Theatre is to have a novelty this week in a drama entitled "An Irishman's Love." The play has already been seen in the West, and is said to be free from the objectionable features which mark many Irish dramas. Little Dot Clarenden is to be seen in the production. The company will contain a number of specialists and will boast of a genuine Irish piper.

Kernell's High Class Vaudeville will hold the stage at Tony Pastor's Theatre this week. The company is made up of Harry Kernell, the three Carons, Miss Lottie Gilson, the Roger Brothers, Binns and Burns, Harry La Rose, the Coulson sisters, Wilton and Nelson, and Fish and Clark. An afterpiece entitled "McFadden's Elopement" will bring the entertainment to a close.

Professor Herrmann says he is at work upon an illusion which will surpass anything he has ever before given to the public. By means of this illusion the Professor hopes to be able to make a young woman walk from the stage directly to the gallery without visible means of support. Several new tricks will be added to the Professor's entertainment at his theatre during the present week.

Manager Daniel Frohman announces that the present week will conclude the run of "The Idler" at the Lyceum Theatre. A week from to-morrow he will present a farce comedy called "Nerves," which is an adaptation from the French by Mr. Comyns Carr, who adapted Hugh Conway's novel "Called Back" for the stage several years ago. This will be the first farce in which the members of the Lyceum stock company have appeared. "Nerves" will be followed by a comedy entitled "The Old, Old Story," which is the work of Mr. Bellows, one of the Lyceum's actors, and Mr. Roeder.

NOTES OF MUSIC.

"Poor Jonathan's" one hundredth performance will be given one week from to-morrow. The souvenirs have been selected by Herr Millöcker in Switzerland.

"The City Directory" will be presented to-morrow night at the Harlem Opera House. The company has been somewhat changed since it appeared last season at the Bijou Theatre.

Signor Liberati and J. N. B. Rinns, sailed on the Adriatic for London last Wednesday. The cornetist goes to fill an engagement in the Alhambra Palace at the highest salary ever paid in London, it is said, to a cornet soloist.

Mr. Walter Damrosch will deliver his second lecture recital of the present course on "Parsifal" and "Die Meistersinger" to-morrow afternoon in the Berkeley Lyceum, taking for his subject the second act of "Parsifal."

Three dozen female dancers are to be seen next season in "The High Roller," which is to go on the road described as a spectacular farce comedy. The company will be under the management of Messrs. Gilmore and Comstock.

Miss Marie Tempest will become the prima donna of the Casino in October. The operetta in which she is to make her début has not been decided upon as yet, but it is rumored that it will be in something from the joint pens of two English comic opera writers.

Mrs. Arthur Nikisch will be the soloist at the Boston Symphony concert. This will be her New York début and she will sing Roff's "Traum Koenig und sein Weib," with orchestral accompaniment, and with piano accompaniment Goldmark's "Die Quelle," Jensen's "Am Ufer des Manzanares" and Brahms' "Vergebliches Staendchen."

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann is announced to give a second farewell series of Chopin recitals in Chickering Hall on the afternoons of Thursday, January 22, Tuesday, January 27, and Thursday, January 29. The programmes will be almost entirely new. This will be the last of the Pachmann Chopin recitals. Mr. Pachmann gave seven concerts in San Francisco instead of three, as originally projected. He is now on his way East.

Herr Xavier Scharwenka's public rehearsal and concert will take place in the Metropolitan Opera House on the afternoon of Friday, January 23, and Saturday evening, 24th, when he will have the assistance of Herr Anton Seidl and his Metropolitan Orchestra and a mixed chorus under the direction of Mr. Frank Damrosch. Herr Scharwenka will have the assistance of Frau Mielke and Herr Gudehus as soloists for the scenes of his opera, "Mataswintha."

ENGLAND'S ETON FOR FOUR CENTURIES.

Facts About the Most Famous School in the World.

ETON BOYS IN OLDEN DAYS.

Evolution Illustrated in the Progress of an Ancient Seat of Learning.

[From the London Edition of the Herald.]

Twenty years hence this weather
Will tempt us from office stools;
We may be slow on the feather
And seem to the boys old fools,
But we'll still swing together,
And swear by the best of schools.
Swing, swing together,
And swear by the best of schools!
—*Eton Boating Song.*

"He was fitter for a coul than a crown; of so easie a nature that he might well have exchanged a pound of patience for an ounce of valour." Such is Fuller's terse summary of the character of Henry VI., the founder of Eton College. Had not this dearth of valor been set off against an abundance of piety it is impossible to say whether the "best of schools" would ever have existed. The idea of a grammar school established as a feeder for a college at one of the universities was not the King's own, but taken from Wykeham, who had seen his school built under his eye at Winchester. It was borrowed with splendid results.

HENRY VI. FOUNDER.

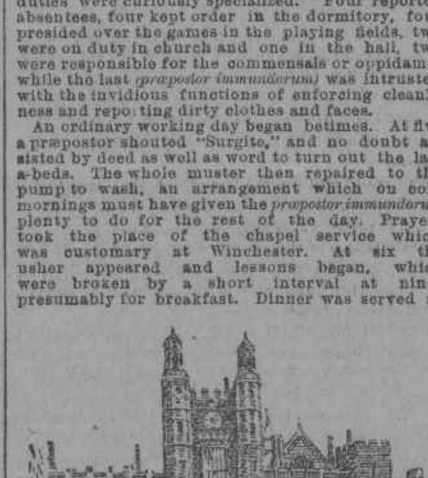
At a time when English scholarship was scarcely worthy of the name Henry's own piety and love of learning, coupled, perhaps, with the fact that he was born on the day of St. Nicholas, the patron of children, induced him to imitate this famous example. On July 30, 1440, the King visited Winchester and tore a good many leaves out of its founder's book. "The King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor" was sufficiently advanced to be opened in 1442. In the intention of the King the institution combined a college for secular priests, a school for boys and an almshouse for the aged. This is shown by the composition of the foundation, which consisted of a provost, ten fellows, four clerks, six choristers, a schoolmaster, twenty-five indigent scholars and twenty-five poor and infirm men. The almshouse vanished very speedily. The college for priests prospered for some four centuries, while the school for boys has grown into unexampled proportions and has monopolized the very name of Eton College.

A history of the school down to the present day might well fill several numbers of the HERALD and those who want a continuous and detailed narrative I must refer to Maxwell Lyte's history, a new edition of which was issued last year. The compass of an article demands rapid selection.

ETON THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Pretty full information as to the inner working of the school in the sixteenth century has come down to us in the shape of a compilation entitled "Consuetudinarium," written about 1560 by William Malim, the then master. At this time there were seven classes, the three first forming the lower school, the three last the upper, and the fourth occupying an ambiguous position between. There was a head and an under usher, but no mention is made of assistant masters, whose absence was in many respects supplied by the monitorial system. The præpostors, as the senior boys to whom authority was delegated were and are still called, numbered eighteen. Their duties were curiously specialized. Four reported absentees, four kept order in the dormitory, four presided over the games in the playing fields, two were on duty in church and one in the hall, two were responsible for the commensals or oppidams, while the last (*præpostor immundorum*) was intrusted with the invidious functions of enforcing cleanliness and reporting dirty clothes and faces.

An ordinary working day began betimes. At five a præpostor shouted "Surgite," and no doubt assisted by deed as well as word to turn out the lag-a-beds. The whole muster then repaired to the pump to wash, an arrangement which on cold mornings must have given the *præpostor immundorum* plenty to do for the rest of the day. Prayers took the place of the chapel service which was customary at Winchester. At six the usher appeared and lessons began, which were broken by a short interval at nine, presumably for breakfast. Dinner was served at



THE SCHOOL YARD.

eleven, and lessons were resumed at midday, and continued till three. From three to four was allotted to play. After this the boys were left to themselves as far as the master and usher were concerned. At eight they went chanting to bed.

The stupid, idle or evil disposed among their number breathed a fervent sigh of relief every time a Friday was passed. For Friday gave them something to look forward to through the week with a shudder. In addition to being a strictly kept fast, that day was reserved for receiving the præpostors' reports, and for generally working off the week's punishments. More than sufficient to that day was the evil thereof.

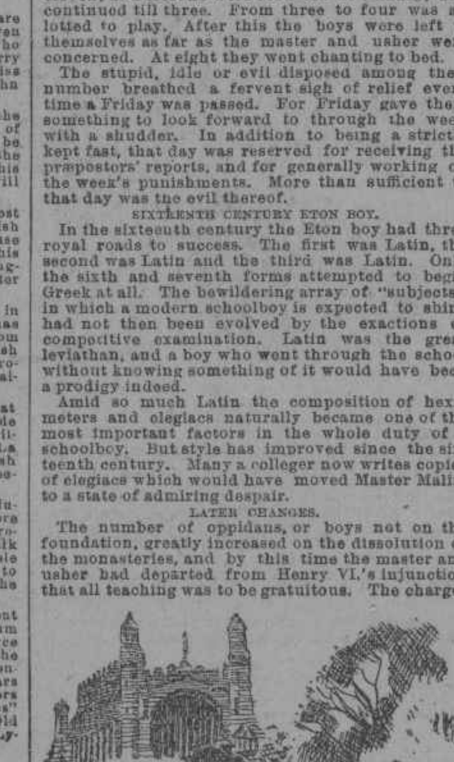
SIXTEENTH CENTURY ETON BOY.

In the sixteenth century the Eton boy had three royal roads to success. The first was Latin, the second was Latin and the third was Latin. Only the sixth and seventh forms attempted to begin Greek at all. The bewildering array of "subjects" in which a modern schoolboy is expected to shine had not then been evolved by the exactions of competitive examination. Latin was the great leviathan, and a boy who went through the school without knowing something of it would have been a prodigy indeed.

Amid so much Latin the composition of hexameters and elegiacs naturally became one of the most important factors in the whole duty of a schoolboy. But style has improved since the sixteenth century. Many a colleger now writes copies of elegiacs which would have moved Master Malim to a state of admiring despair.

LATER CHANGES.

The number of oppidans, or boys not on the foundation, greatly increased on the dissolution of the monasteries, and by this time the master and usher had departed from Henry VI.'s injunction that all teaching was to be gratuitous. The charges



THE CHAPEL FROM THE RIVER.

had also largely increased, partly owing to the depreciation of money, but partly, no doubt, to the growing number of rich men's sons who entered the school. To-day Eton has the reputation of being the most expensive of public schools, but it is not properly understood how largely it is within the individual power of a boy to cut down expenditure.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century the daily life of an Eton boy was in most essentials the same as it is to-day. As compared with the sixteenth, later hours were observed. Early school began nominally at six, but really a little before seven. The collegers dined at noon and supped at five, or, on certain days, at six. Work was prepared at the boarding houses, and not only in college. At present only a single "dame" proper—that is, a lady who manages a boarding house for boys—survives. The other boarding houses are kept by the assistant masters, but the name "dame" has been transferred to those among them who are not classical masters. Thus a stranger is liable to a gentle shock of surprise on hearing a boy allude to a reverend and bearded gentleman who teaches science or mathematics as "my dame."

MORE PLAY.

The hours of recreation had by this time been markedly extended. Tuesday was a whole holiday, Thursday a half holiday and Saturday a "play at four." Every red letter saint's day meant a whole holiday, as it does still, except that early school is not now interfered with. A wider latitude in the way of amusement seems then to have prevailed, as pony races at Datchet, Ascot races, billiards at Lawrington's, cock fighting at Bedford's yard and bull baiting at Bachelor's Acre are mentioned as within reach of the Etonian of a hundred years ago. But then, as now, too distant roamings were curtailed by the frequent holding of "absence," as the roll call is termed, at which every boy must needs be present. There was also a functionary known as Jack Cutler, who, with several assistants, was charged with the task of recapturing runaways. If such an officer existed now and drew his emoluments on the payments by results principle he would assuredly be found in the workhouse.

MYSTERIOUS GAMES.

Plenty of time, as I have shown, was allowed for games when George III. was king. And there were plenty of games to fill it withal. Here is a list of the most popular pastimes, compiled by an Eton boy of the day:—"Cricket, fives, shirking walls, scrambling walls, bally cally, battledores, peg top, peg in the ring, goals, hopscotch, heading, conquering lobs, hoops, marbles, trapball, steal baggage, puss in the corner, cut gallows, kites, cloyster and flyer gigs, tops, humming tops, hunt the hare, hunt the dark lanthorn, chuck, sinks, starecaps and hurtlecap." The nature of many of these baffles the most acute conjecture. And modern Eton retains an element of mystery about some of its games. If you ask an Etonian wherein Eton football (field game) differs from Rugby and association he will talk a good deal about bullies and rouges and leave a correct impression that the differences are rather incidental than essential. But if you ask him to explain briefly the characteristics of the wall game, a look half puzzled, half pitying will come into his eyes and that will be your answer.

THE "PROTESTANT CARNIVAL."

Until forty years ago Eton possessed quite the most extraordinary custom ever known among civilized peoples. No one who knows by experience or tradition the departed glories and amazing vagaries of "Montem" will regard this statement as exaggerated. But the very existence of the "Protestant Carnival" is unknown to many men of the present generation, and for these I will outline the nature of this unique function. Its origin is simply not known, and conjectures, however ingenious, have not settled the mystery. In the sixteenth century, on a day at first settled by the head master, but afterward fixed toward the end of January, the boys made a procession to Salt Hill ("ad Montem"), a mound near Slough, where the Etonians just completing their first year were initiated by a curious ceremony into full comradeship and ceased to be freshmen. Salt played a conspicuous symbolic part, besides which the neophytes were made the butt of the wit (*salem*) of the seniors.

The occasion waxed rapidly in pomp and popularity till it became the rallying day of Etonians, much as the 4th of June is now. In later times the school was organized into a mock army.

The head of the collegers became the captain of the Montem and the boys in the upper forms took various grades down to corporal or sergeant. Each was dressed in the distinctive uniform of his titular rank—plus red coat tails, white trousers, cocked hat and feathers and regimental boots.

Twelve salt bearers or runners were appointed, whose function it was to patrol the highways robed in white and ask for money in exchange for a pinch of salt. Each was accompanied by a stalwart hired attendant who carried pistols. No refusal was taken, and the demand seems to have been a cross between a request and highway robbery. After a time, printed tickets bearing the device "Mos pro lege" were given to wayfarers in exchange for the blackmail levied. A lad once had the temerity to stop the carriage of William III., and would have been roughly handled by the Dutch guards had not the King interposed.

MONTEM ABOLISHED.

As a matter of fact, the people generally gave willingly, and the sums collected were large. In 1835 one runner from seven A. M. to noon gathered £77. The total for the last few years averaged £1,000. This is less surprising in the light of the fact that George III. and Queen Charlotte always gave 50 guineas each, and single donations often exceeded that sum.

The fund was ostensibly raised to help the captain in his university career, but the Montem expenses had first to be paid, with the result that often very little was left for college dues and battels. The waste of schooltime involved by the festival became such an abuse that it ceased to be observed annually, and the date was transferred to Tuesday in Whitsun week. From 1775 to 1847 Montem was held triennially, and was finally abolished by the college authorities in the year last mentioned.

The reasons which led to this course were overwhelmingly strong. The whole season was one of demoralization to school discipline, apart altogether from the feasting which preceded and succeeded the ceremony, and the fearful waste of money which accompanied it. But the finishing blow was struck when the Great Western Railway opened a station at Slough. This enabled all the loafers of London to appear in force, and abolition was the only cure. The Queen was anxious to preserve the custom without its abuses, but on the assurance of the authorities that this was impossible, Her Majesty, not without regret, made no opposition to the destruction of this singular relic of the past.

TO-DAY.

A description of the buildings of Eton College to-day would be quite superfluous. Every one who has been to Windsor—and who has not?—has seen them for himself. So I will only add a couple of sketches, one of the school yard and the other of the chapel from the river. The life of the school has been one crescendo of prosperity. The number of boys has passed nine hundred, and is started well on its way to four figures, and the assistant masters alone are numerous enough to furnish the whole population of an ordinary school. In every corner of the world old Etonians are to be found ready at a moment's notice to "swear by"—and possibly to drink to—"the best of schools." Their number includes a host of distinguished men, dead and living. I will be content to mention four names, two from either list—Pitt and Fox, Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury.

FINS ON HIS FEET.

BILLY BARBER, THE FISHERMAN, WHO HAS NEVER WORN SHOE OR SOCK.

Billy Barber, sole owner of Barber's Raft, on Wolf's Pond, Sullivan county, N. Y., has a peculiar habit of going barefooted the year around, and it is said that he has never had on a pair of boots, shoes or socks.

It is claimed that Barber was found on a raft up in "Old Sullivan" on a cold November day thirty-eight years ago, when he was about ten days old. Billy had not a particle of clothing on at that time, and how he came to be on the raft no one could ever find out. It has been suggested that, Jonah-like, he was cast out upon the raft by a big pickerel. This looks almost plausible, for exposure has caused fin-like appendages to grow out of the sides of his pedal extremities just like the fins on a pickerel, and between the toes he is webbed somewhat like a duck.

When he was found young Barber was taken in, cared for and reared to manhood by a poor but kind hearted Sullivan county fisherman. He has never been away from home in his life, and has never seen a locomotive or steamboat or heard the tinkle of a telephone bell. He cares for nothing but fishing, and summer and winter you can find him on the pond either on his raft or the ice.

During the present winter this peculiar character can be seen daily standing on the ice barefooted watching his tip-ups, and he is having a fine run of luck since the new year opened.

JUDGE NEWBERGER IS ORTHODOX.

For the first time in the history of the City Court the sense of religious obligations of one of the judges has caused a change in the usual court programme. It was noticed yesterday that Judge Van Wyck, who had sat in Trial Term, Part 3, during the week, occupied the bench of Special Term and Chambers. The newly elected judge, Joseph E. Newberger, had sat in Special Term and Chambers through the rest of the week. It is customary for the judge assigned to this part to complete the week.

When shortly before the close of the year the schedule of the assignment of Judges was being made Judge Newberger notified the Chief Justice that he had religious scruples against sitting on Saturday, as he is an orthodox Jew. Chief Justice Ehrlich, who is of the same religious belief, but not so orthodox, frankly told him that he should have considered this matter before he became a candidate for the office.

It is usual to initiate a new judge in all the courts by assigning him to Special Term and Chambers. This was done in the present case with Judge Newberger. This is the only part of the court which holds a session on Saturday. Judge Van Wyck took the bench in that part yesterday. It is probable that other judges will take turns in relieving Judge Newberger on Saturdays while he continues to sit in that branch of the court.

TO DANCE ON A GRAND SCALE.

The boxes for the annual ball of the Wine, Liquor and Beer Dealers' Association, which is to be held at the Lenox Lyceum on Tuesday, February 3, will be sold next Tuesday afternoon, January 13, at the Central Association's headquarters, No. 22 Union square. In all sixty boxes will be sold at auction.

The ball promises to be one of the largest of the season. The music will be furnished by two bands of 100 pieces each.

A COLD PLACE FOR THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor of the Herald:—

Why is it that the Museum of Art is not kept warm? I hear of complaints by visitors who come in and find the building so cold that they have to go out again without seeing the collections. The city allows the museum authorities a large amount of money each year. Surely they ought to keep the building decently heated such weather as this.

A VISITOR.

NEW YORK'S ARTIST IN TWO LIGHTS.

Persecuted in Morocco as a Demon, Adored as a Saint in Japan.

HUMPHREY MOORE'S PARIS HOME.

His Masterpieces, Methods of Work and Ideal Domestic Life.

[From the European Edition of the Herald.]

"Mr. Humphrey Moore at Home" is as pleasing a subject as any one could wish to write upon. When you talk of his "home" you infer his studio, for he is one of the hard workers, and when not travelling his studio is his true home.

Come with me and call upon him there. Our cocher will be told to drive to No. 57 Rue Ampère. You will generally find Mr. Moore at home. He is hard at work in a brown working coat turned back with silk, and with rush wristbands on to save his sleeves.

Knock and enter. At the entrance to the studio you will be greeted by a man with a peculiarly winning smile, a high forehead and expressive eyebrows. He has laughing eyes, small and full of fun and intelligence, and wears a mustache and beard.

Mr. Moore is a New Yorker. He came to Paris to complete his art education. He studied at the Beaux Arts with Gérôme, the famous French artist.

When his artistic wings were fledged he flew where fancy bid him, and that happened to be Granada. There his undoubted talents as a colorist found ample scope. His excellent paintings of the Alhambra, and his many lifelike studies of Spanish life first brought him into prominence.

The Alhambra had extraordinary fascinations for the young artist. He has so many sketches of it that its destruction makes no difference to him, as he has so many reproductions of the original.

AN ALHAMBRA ROMANCE.

The Alhambra, moreover, had a great influence on Mr. Moore's life, for there it was that one day a party of friends came in to see Mr. Moore at work. With them was a young Spanish lady, of that true and rare Andalusian type of beauty. She became Mrs. Humphrey Moore, and brought to her husband not only a fair face but also a bright and cheerful nature and an intellect far above the average.

From Granada, where Mr. Moore's skill was highly appreciated, he went to Morocco. Many of you who read this and who have known Tangier will remember Mr. Moore's beautiful Moorish house there. He also went to Fez, and there was received with the greatest courtesy. However, Morocco is not quite the place for an artist—that is, as regards practical work. Here is what he says about it:—"The Moors in Fez are fanatics, and they are particularly fanatical as regards painting. They look upon the artist's work as that of the devil. So that when I used to go out there to make a sketch I was escorted by eight soldiers. They told me at first that it was no good trying, and that by so doing I went at the risk of my life, so strong is the feeling. However, I persisted and made the attempt, but was invariably interrupted notwithstanding my strong escort. In fact, I think I should have lost my life had I continued. So," says Mr. Moore, smiling, "you will notice that all my sketches at Fez are interiors."

This is what he says about his reception elsewhere:—"The Japanese adore art and I got very well known there. Moreover, I being deaf and dumb, they looked upon me as a saint. The deaf and dumb are always looked upon as saints in Japan. So the result was that when I used to go out and paint there the people used to collect around me in such a way that it was all I could do to get on with my work. They would get upon one another's shoulders and crawl up close to me along the ground in their enthusiasm over my work."

THE STUDIO.

The studio in which Mr. Moore works is a very handsome one, distinctly modern as regards convenience, and arranged with an eye to combine comfort with artistic effect.

On the right hand side as you enter is a handsome oak cabinet, as full as full can be of Japanese ornaments, dolls, fans, &c. There are quaint swords of ancient date of Spanish and Oriental design hanging on the walls. The upper portion is entirely hung with beautiful tapestries from Cordova. In one corner is a handsome gold damascened sword—a present from the Sultan of Morocco. On either side of the fireplace are fine specimens of Japanese travelling boxes, mounted with finely worked brass, and above, over the fireplace, are dragons in gold and heads of ghouls, such as the Japanese use to frighten away the evil spirits. Don't let me forget, either, the great Moorish saddle—a beautiful specimen—and the comfortable lounge extending right along one side of the studio, under the window, where you can sit and feast your eyes on Mr. Moore's canvases upon which he is working.

Sit there with me and I will review them for you while you smoke your Egyptian cigarette.

There is number one, which you will probably see in next year's Salon. It is incomplete, but already gives promise of being Mr. Moore's *chef d'œuvre*. It represents the interior of the Alhambra. The Sultan is sitting on a divan and the royal minstrels approach to play to their august master. He is sad, for his favorite son has lately died. With them they bring the famous white caped ape, who can dance, smoke through his nose and drink coffee. The picture is a marvel of rich coloring and masterly perspective, and the grouping of the players is intensely lifelike.

Mark that canvas on the left—one of Mr. Moore's careful studies of Japanese life. The central figure is an acrobat who holds a ladder on his shoulder. At the summit another ladder is fixed at right angles and on the end of that sits a little "Jap" comfortably fanning himself. Around are seated on the right a number of Japanese girls and on the left, in the shade of a fountain, are groups of "Japs," their faces fully expressing amused interest and astonishment. A temple forms the background. The grouping is most effective, and the detailed exactitude of Japanese life most striking.

Next we come to a yet unfinished picture representing the courtyard of Mr. Moore's house at Tangiers. It is one of the two pictures saved from that most disastrous fire at Morel's warehouse in New York. A dusky and muscular minstrel, with a big white turban, sits crosslegged and back toward you on an oriental drugget in the centre of the court. In front of him a graceful maiden with a pink gauzy covering of the slightest description is going through those serpentine motions which in Morocco pass for dancing. She wears a headdress of gold and scarlet. Round about sit the spectators. This is another of Mr. Moore's triumphs as a colorist.

THE CAPTIVE.

Pass into the room on the opposite side and you will see a fascinating canvas, called "The Captive." You cannot purchase it, for it is already bespoken by Mrs. Robert Johnson, of California, who is certainly to be congratulated on her choice. The picture represents a beautiful Spanish girl with great, sad, dark, lustrous eyes. Her raven black hair hangs in profusion over her shoulders. She is sparsely clad in red drapery, just sufficient to accentuate and reveal the female form divine. The delicate and shapely hands are clasped together across the upheld knee. The left foot is crossed over the right and rests on a tiger's head. As background is one of the massive iron bound doors of the Alhambra, which forever shuts her off from the outer world. It is a work full of poetry and pathos.

In the same room are two striking portraits of Mr. Moore, the one in oils by Madrazo and the other a pastel by Boldini.

Come along and I will give you a treat. Let us take a peep into the dining room, with its handsome old Spanish chestnut sideboard and ancient dark leather chairs. Here it is that Mr. Moore has hung a series of studies of Japanese life, which for minuteness of detail and accuracy of workmanship are simply delightful to behold. Look at them and wonder at the fineness of the work. Take a magnifying glass and they look still better.

THE GEMS.

There, for instance, right in front of the door, is a beautiful reproduction of the Golden Temple of Nikko. A Japanese girl playing an instrument, a Japanese mother carrying a child on her back, a Japanese car runner eating his midday meal—a triumph of flesh effects.

A neat example of Mr. Moore's mastery of detail is a little Japanese sewing girl. Another, a gem of coloring, is a Japanese boy learning to play a sort of mandolin from his elder sister.

Nothing can be prettier than a sketch representing a Japanese street and a Japanese garden.

"Are these on sale?" you ask.

No, certainly not. Some day, perhaps, when with age, like choice wines, they have increased in value tenfold.

There is a little sketch which will attract you greatly. It represents the Kioto tea house, one of the first of its kind, overlooking a fish pond. Round about the water grow azaleas and oleanders, their bright blossoms reflected and magnified in the clear water.

Kioto Mr. Moore considers to be the most beautiful spot in Japan.

But I must hurry you along. Observe as you pass a small sketch of of a Japanese temple, over which is a sky of that rich blue which those who have been to Japan know so well. Again, a frame wherein are eight sketches of Japanese and Spanish life. Further on, a pagoda at Tokio and the tomb of a tycoon at Nikko, all red lacquer and gold. A girl carrying a quaint Japanese baby, both shaded under a paper and bamboo umbrella and the background a rich green bank. Mark that uncouth looking Japanese soldier, who seems as though he would chop off your head on the least provocation. He, too, carries an umbrella.

It was for these sketches that Mr. Moore was made a member of the Mirliton Club, a distinction not easily obtained.